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THE DAILY MIRROR, Monday, February 28, 1916.

TERRIFIC DING-DONG BATTLE FOR VERDUN FORTS

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

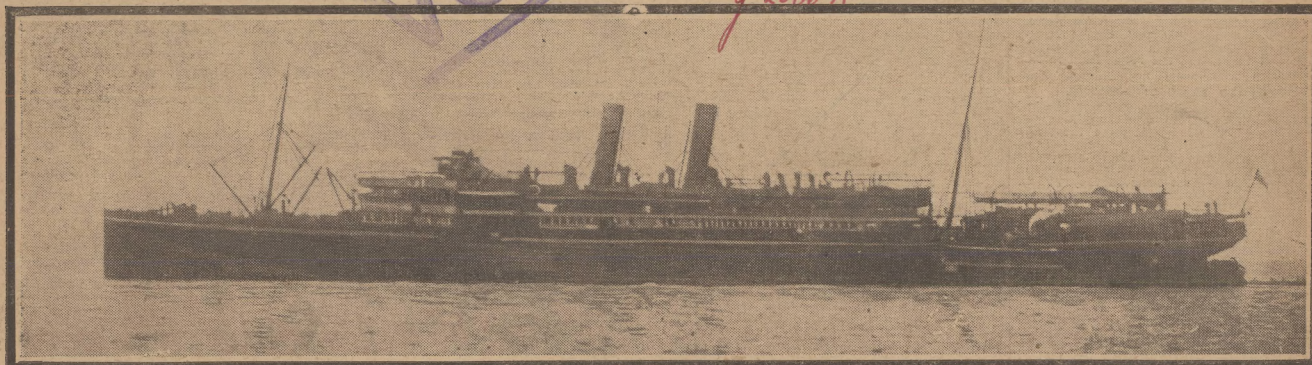
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MONDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1916

One Halfpenny.

SEA DRAMA SEEN FROM THE SHORE: BIG P. AND O. LINER  
SINKS AFTER STRIKING A MINE OFF DOVER.



The Maloja, which made her maiden voyage at the time of the Durbar, when she carried out many well-known people to attend that historic ceremony. Her tonnage was 12,431.



Lowering the boats in case of emergency.



Children wearing their lifebelts.



Lifeboats with their sails set.



"Abandon ship." The boat is safely lowered from the ship's side.

The P. and O. Line have suffered another loss. Their 12,000 ton liner Maloja apparently struck a mine off Dover yesterday and foundered, it is stated, within ten minutes. The passengers numbered 144 and the crew 20, but the loss of life was small, thanks prob-

ably to the manner in which lifeboat drill has been carried out on board ship since the beginning of the war. The vessel, which was outward bound for Bombay, sank in the presence of large crowds which lined the shore at Dover.



## BRITAIN AS ISLE OF WHITE.

Hillside Farms That Are Isolated by the Snow.

### COMING OF THE THAW.

The fierce blizzard which has been sweeping the country during the past few days has done much damage to property in both town and country, and three deaths have been reported as a result of the storm.

In London the snowfall has been the heaviest for twelve years. In one of the southern suburbs the snow was from 14in. to 16in. deep. Yesterday the thaw set in, and the sun about noon flashed a wry smile on a white world for a few seconds, and then vanished.

Street cleaners, however, are scarce, and, owing to the shortage of labour generally, the snow in London has had to be left on the streets for two or three days, whereas in other years it has never been on the streets for more than two or three hours after a fall.

Only 120 men are at work this year for the City cleaning authorities, as against 2,000 in former years.

#### FOUR MEN SOUGHT WORK.

At Holborn, where they wanted help badly to clear away the snow, only four men presented themselves. In past years the police were obliged to regulate the crowd of men seeking work.

The slush that covered the streets and pavements made walking far from desirable, and

### PAPER v. MUNITIONS.

The Government has decided that paper must be sacrificed to munitions, and many vessels that used to bring paper to this country will in future bring munitions and foodstuffs.

Paper must be used carefully, and you can help to avoid waste by ordering your copy of "The Daily Mirror" in advance.

the underground trains were everywhere crowded.

Business at Covent Garden was very much disorganised. Many market gardeners failed to reach the market at all, even though they started at an unusually early hour.

Owing to the difficulties of cartage, coal dealers were not anxious to deliver coal except at an increase of 2s. to 2s. 6d. so that housewives in many districts were obliged to fetch their own coal or go without.

#### TEN FEET OF SNOW.

In Derbyshire the snow lies from two to ten feet deep. Not since 1888 has the fall been so deep at Buxton.

Passenger and goods trains have been held up in the Peak district, and thousands of quarrymen are idle, and farmers are searching for their stock in the snow.

"Pleased to see you, sir; you're the only person I've seen in a week," was the greeting of a farmer's wife to a *Daily Mirror* photographer who visited the Peak district yesterday.

This little farm, like many others on the hillsides, is totally cut off, and until the snow thaws or freezes hard no one can come or go.

At one of the farms visited by the photographer the husband had been snowed up during the previous night in his outlying cattle shed and had arrived home in the early morning nearly exhausted.

#### KILLED ON STATION PLATFORM.

Alighting from a train at Wirsbourn, Thomas Mideley, sixty, slipped on the icy platform and was killed.

A sailor travelling on the Great Eastern Railway express between Hetherst and Norwich left his compartment and, returning along the corridor, mistook an outer door for that of his compartment, falling from the train.

He received only a slight cut on his hand. His escape was due to the fact that he fell on a heap of snow.

A blind and deaf man named Crook was knocked down and fatally injured at Blackburn by a tramway-car, the driver of which could not see him owing to the heavy snowfall.

### DEARER SUGAR TO-DAY.

Sugar will be dearer to-day. This morning the prices put upon the market by the Royal Commission on the Sugar Supply will be advanced by 2s. per cwt.

Retailers are reminded that by the agreement between the Royal Commission and the representative bodies of wholesale dealers the profit with the dealers may be limited to the 2½ per cent. discount allowed on their purchases.

### BULL MASTIFF'S BAD RECORD.

For keeping a dog which was alleged to be dangerous, Lieutenant Morris, of Freshwater, Isle of Wight, was summoned before the local magistrates on Saturday.

The dog, it was stated, had recently killed a goose in a field. Its "previous record" included, it was further disclosed, another goat, a sheep and a donkey.

The owner, who said the dog came from Belgium, where it had been used for hauling guns, was ordered to pay the costs of the summons.

## DRAMA OF 3 BEARS.

Hate of Nellie, Zoo Step-Dancer and Bun-Catcher.

### TRIED TO STEAL CUBS' LOVE.

Nellie, the champion dancer and bun-catcher at the Zoological Gardens, is just now the centre of a pretty piece of scandal—mainly as to the flannings and other busybody birds opposite her enclosure.

Nellie, a big brown bear, lives on the Mappin Terraces with two other bears, Hector and Gipsy. The trio have just taken part in one of the most tragically comic Zoo dramas of recent times.

A short time ago Hector (a she-bear, by the way, with a masculine name) and Gipsy both gave birth to two cubs each.

Jumbo, the father of the bear-babies, some time before their birth had been found lying drowned in his own pond.

Rather a shock to Nellie, Gipsy and Hector. The next day, however, they were as busy as ever doing tricks for the public and catching buns.

Until the birth of the four cubs life in the enclosure was quite peaceful—except for the tragic death of Jumbo. At this point, however, a new note makes itself felt—the tragedy of Nellie.

Enter Nellie, the expert step-dancer and bun-catcher, a gleam of hatred and jealousy in her eyes. She is a changed character. Gipsy and Hector had cubs—she had none.

Why not steal the affections of Gipsy's or Hector's cubs, and make them her cubs? That was the cunning idea which animated her.

Gipsy had her babies outside—the little things died within two days—but Hector went inside. Nellie, with stealthy step, followed her and nestled down with the mother and children.

She wouldn't leave the family party for a minute—so says the keeper. One can imagine the scene inside the shelter—the artful Nellie licking and looking after Hector's cubs whenever the real mother's eye was turned!

It is believed that the two bears did not agree. The fact remains, however, that, probably as the result of too much mothering, the babies died within a week.

The very next day Nellie was dancing and amusing the public as usual. That is why the flannings are chattering so.

## NATION TO SAVE.

Committee's Suggestion That Civil Servants Should Work an Hour Longer.

Among the ways by which the Government Committee on Retrenchment in Public Expenditure, which has issued its final report, suggests the nation should save are the following:—

Reduced postal facilities.

Pensioners in place of police in museums.

Raising of school age from five to six.

Suspension of old-age pension when pensioner's means are above statute limit.

Vacancies in Civil Service not to be filled up.

Reduction of sub-departments of Board of Trade.

Revision of salaries of officers of Board of Agriculture.

An eight hours' day for Civil Servants instead of seven.

It is pointed out that the total cost of civil expenditure since 1895 has risen from £32,000,000 to £90,000,000 a year, and that local authorities in England and Wales spend, apart from loans, £13,000,000.

The Board of Education Vote has risen from £9,500,000 in 1900 to £15,500,000 this year. Old-age pensions cost £13,035,000, and Health Insurance £8,000,000.

Among postal reforms suggested are a charge for the redirection of letters, a reduction in Sunday and other deliveries, and the stopping of official telegrams on non-urgent matters.

### CALLOUS HUNS.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 26.—According to information received from a reliable source the situation of the inhabitants of the Governments of Suwalki, Kovno and Grodno is lamentable. People are literally dying of hunger, and the Germans remain absolutely indifferent, and even continue to requisition everything they can. Half the fields are being left uncultivated.—Reuter.

### 13,000 THROATS CUT.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 26.—A number of Armenian priests who escaped from Mush are now being cared for by the Russians after wandering among the mountains for two months.

They state that the Turks cut the throats of 13,000 inhabitants of Mush whom they accused of insurrection and espionage in favour of the Russians.

### TRAGEDY OF LONELY SPINSTER.

The death of Eliza Pö, a lonely spinster, aged seventy-three, formed the subject of a coroner's inquest on Saturday.

She had been dead in the house for six days before she was discovered by neighbours. A sum of £95 in Bank of England notes, a Post Office Savings Bank book showing a balance of £119, and a large quantity of food, were found on the premises. The only food discovered was half an ounce of butter.

A verdict of death from heart disease

## 'RITZ' FOR THE POOR

London Hotel Where Hungry May Lunch for Fourpence.

### WAITRESS PROBLEM.

If you want cheap cooking nowadays you must go to the fourpenny Ritz for it.

It may be necessary to explain, however, that by the Ritz is meant not a palatial hotel in Piccadilly, but a restaurant of more modest dimensions in Rosoman-street, E.C.

Its proprietor, Mr. George Jacob—famously known as Little George—is able to boast that "there are no war prices at the Ritz."

"But how do you manage it?" asked *The Daily Mirror* in astonishment.

"Well, let us ourselves," he replied, "I don't find there's much difference between the price of meat to-day and before the war."

Nevertheless, Little George has yielded to economic pressure to the extent of advancing the price of his threepenny dinner to threepence-halfpenny.

"The food is always clean and good," said Mr. Jacob, "and we never receive any complaints."

"I am on my feet every day from six in the morning till seven in the evening—working practically all the time. We do an enormous trade in the afternoon, you know. And it's almost impossible to find waitresses nowadays, in spite of the fact that they are being paid twice as much money as they were before the war."

Mr. Jacob has opened a new Ritz, No. 2 is situated at 59, Shepherdess-walk, City-road, E.C. It is a more commanding establishment than its Finsbury neighbour. It caters for a more opulent class of customers. If you dine at the Ritz No. 2 your lunches will cost you fourpence.

From the number of Mr. Jacob's patrons it would appear that there are people who do not regard even fourpence as a prohibitive price for a good lunch.

## WORK FOR BROKEN HEROES

Disabled Soldiers and Sailors Who Are Trained to Make Toys.

What can we do with our disabled soldiers? The problem is an acute one. In part, at least, it has been met by the establishment of the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops at Fulham.

At these workshops between 160 and 200 disabled soldiers and sailors are employed in the making of toys. Of this number 90 per cent. are men who have fought in the present war.

A representative of the workshops informed *The Daily Mirror* that the men made ready and adaptable workers. The discipline they have been through," he said, "is of great value in fitting them for their new employment."

Some sections of the work for which disabled men have undertaken are undertaken by blind daughters and sisters of the wounded soldiers and sailors.

The workshops are run upon systematised commercial lines, and but for the enormous increase in the cost of raw materials, many of which have risen to the extent of 300 per cent., it is claimed that they could successfully compete with many of the old prices at which the German goods entered this country.

There are men there with only one arm who are now adept at using electrical machines such as band-saws, planing machines, sand-papery machines, lathes, drilling machines, etc. Without exception they all like the work.

## PRISON FOR WOMAN ZEALOT.

"I have never stood with more pleasure and pride than I stand here and say that I have been directly responsible for keeping hundreds of lads in this City from recruiting into the trade of murder."

These words were spoken by Mrs. Nellie Best, secretary of the Women's Anti-Conscriptionist League, when charged at Westminster on Saturday with making a statement likely to prejudice recruiting.

She was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the first division.

## REVOLT IN CHINA.

PEKING, Feb. 24.—A mandate has been issued officially postponing the accession of Yuan Shi Kai to the throne owing to the revolt of the Yunnan.

There has been some fighting south of Luchow in which the Government troops were successful, but the engagements have only been of small importance up to now.

Government circles still express confidence in the speedy suppression of the revolt.—Reuter.

## IS PRINCESS A SPY?

ROME, Feb. 26.—The *Nuovo Giornale* announces that Princess Eliza of Bourbon, daughter of Don Carlos, and wife of an Italian captain, has been denounced to the authorities for having sought to demoralise Italian soldiers and to obtain information regarding the army.

The princess was a nurse in the Red Cross—Central News.

The princess, who was born in 1876, married in 1897, Friedrich Prince of Schoenburg-Waldenburg. The marriage was dissolved by divorce in 1904, and a few days after the princess married Lino del Prete, a retired Italian captain of infantry. Her first husband died in 1910.

## CONSCIENCE MEN AT THE TRIBUNALS.

"If I Kill a Man I Shall Be Miserable."

### EXEMPTED SHEPHERDS.

Although the appeal tribunals will be busy for many weeks to come, it is now too late for single men, except those in Group and Class 1, to send in an appeal.

On Saturday the statutory fortnight's period for submitting appeals closed, and so, *The Daily Mirror* understands from inquiries made at many of the London centres, the tribunals will be sitting for two or three weeks to come hearing these appeals.

When they are finished with there will be the Group and Class 1 appeals to deal with. Men under these headings were only proclaimed last week.

And then—the married groups.

An outbreak of conscientious objections seems to have marked Saturday's tribunal sittings. At a meeting of the executive of the Scottish mine workers in Glasgow on Saturday it was stated that since the outbreak of war 160,000 men throughout Great Britain had left other occupations to become soldiers in the underground workers were barred from military service.

## COULD NOT KILL FELLOW MAN.

"Dictates of Conscience."—A conscientious objector who came before the Maidstone Borough Tribunal said he could not kill his fellow-man. "I am trying to live according to the dictates of my conscience," he said. "If I am to go and kill a man I shall be miserable. I am trying to do other work." He was exempted from combatant service.

Pacifist Since Boer War.—At Warmistral Rural Tribunal an objection to join the Army or Navy on conscientious grounds was made by James John Edwards, W.A., aged thirty-eight, who is acting voluntarily as a night manager of the Baptist and Congregational Institute for Soldiers.

The objector said that he had been a pacifist, especially since the Boer War, and was an active member of the Peace Society executive since 1908. Asked if he objected to doing such work as tending the wounded, Hayward replied that he would in some form of non-combatant service he would be helping on combatant work to which he was strongly opposed.

### "NOT MY DUTY."

The chairman of the tribunal (Rev. George Atwood) said Hayward would be exempted from combatant service only, and objector announced his intention to appeal.

Contrary to General War.—At a sitting of the Exeter Tribunal a retail dairyman and shopkeeper objected to military service because war was contrary to the will of God, and as shown by the teachings of Jesus Christ, and because his being called up would mean the closing down of his business.

In answer to the mayor he said that if he saw a German violating his wife or sister, or butchering his mother, he would not think it his duty to interfere. He had not stopped supplying milk, cream and garden produce to military men. The application was refused.

The Research Fellow.—At Chiswick an applicant for exemption made his case as a conscientious grounds. He said he was working as a Research Fellow at the Imperial College of Science and Technology, and, "as a Christian, he could not take part in any military operations. He believed in the Christian religion, and, as far as he understood it, he could not take any part in the war."

### VILLAGE CARRIER'S CASE.

In answer to questions by the tribunal he admitted that some of his research work had been done at the instance of a Government department, and that he was paid for working. His work, he said, might lead to good results; if used for war purposes he could not help it. Appeal rejected.

Absolute Exemption for Man of Twenty-Three.—Out of forty applicants who came before the Carmarthen Rural Tribunal to-day eighteen received absolute exemption. The Llanybri village carrier, aged twenty-three, received absolute exemption because he was stationed on the only public conveyance between that village and Carmarthen, a distance of nine miles, and numerous small holders were dependent on his conveyance.

The Coffin-Maker.—An application at Worthing on domestic grounds by a man who was described as painter, window-cleaner, coffin-maker and bearer, was refused.

Exempted Shepherd.—Over forty Westmorland farmers appealed for exemption for men who were necessary, they said, for shepherding the immense sheep ranges of the Pennines and general farm work, and all but one man were exempted.

## NO LUXURIES FOR HUNS.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 26.—According to a telegram from Berlin, the *Reichs-Anzeiger* publishes a decree prohibiting the import of all articles of luxury, including mandarin oranges, pineapples, caviare, feathers for millinery, ray marble boxes, finished silk and mercerised cotton robes, finished furs, films, pictures, and precious stones, and all other articles, pens, pencils and machine tools.—Reuter.

Read Sir Philip Burne-Jones's article, "How London Strikes the Colonials," on page 5.



Reuter.



## FOUND ON THE BATTLEFIELD: LIFEBUOY WASHED ASHORE.



"With love and kisses to my dear daddy from a little rosebud."



"With love, Gertie."



"With love, Rose."



Found in a dug-out.



Signed Daisy.



"From Maggie."



Found in small leather case containing another photograph.

## GUIDE TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

"NERVOUS EXHAUSTION AND WEAKNESS."  
(New Issue Just Published.)

5,000 COPIES FREE

Remarkable Series of Articles of Vital Interest to Sufferers from Nervous Debility, Digestive Disorders, etc.

There is an announcement to-day of the publication of a New Edition of a remarkable book which every sufferer from Nervous Debility, Digestive Disorders, or Functional Weakness should read.

Fortunately, we are able to announce that the publishers have prepared 5,000 copies for readers, which will be forwarded gratis and post paid to those who apply.

This book, "Nervous Exhaustion and Weakness," contains a fund of most reliable Health information, and more particularly deals with the remarkable claims (now endorsed by the highest Medical Authority in Paris, the Academy of Medicine) of a wonderful method of restoring weakened functional power, loss of vitality and strength, by Home Electrological treatment.

But let us first give some idea of the nature of this volume, a copy of which ailing readers are asked to accept free of cost. Its contents include:—

Part 1. Nerves and the functions of the body—Blood poverty means nerve death—Loss of Vitality followed by Insomnia—Ninety per cent. of Ailments due to lack of Nerve Force—The Madness of Drug treatment.

Part 2. Electricity man's best healer—Medical Opinion—Why Electricity relieves Pain—Weakness Overcome—Dr. Golding Bird convinced.

Part 3. Your Spinal Trunk and Health—How the New Electrical Science is applied at home—Cured whilst you go about your daily tasks—Constipation may poison the Blood—the racking pain of Rheumatism—The Nightmare of Insomnia overcome.

Part 4. Nervous Exhaustion leads to Forgetfulness and Breakdown—Mental Doubts and Fears—When Mental Steadiness is required—New-born Vitality and Strength—You are a bundle of Nerves—How Electrological Treatment keeps you bubbling over with energy.

Part 5. The down drag of Dyspepsia—Why Indigestion may ruin your Health—The stab in the back of Kidney Trouble—Why Electrological treatment must prove successful—Inexpensive Home Cure available for all.

This brief Summary of the contents of "Nervous Exhaustion and Weakness" can only give a faint idea of the value of this book, and certainly it is the duty of everyone who is ailing to investigate the wonderful home treatment by means of the Pulvermacher famous Electrological Appliances, which so inexpensively and yet speedily rebuild a manly state of health and vigour that once more makes life worth living. Sufferers who investigate this successful method closely will appreciate that in the privacy of their own homes, without the need to visit any public institute at all, they may be cured of their ailments.

Copies of the book will be sent to all who forward the coupon below to the Superintendent of the Electrological Institute; J. L. Pulvermacher and Co., Ltd., 15, Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

## FREE COUPON

"GUIDE TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH."

To the Superintendent,

Electrological Institute,

J. L. Pulvermacher and Co., Ltd.,

15, Vulcan House,

56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Dear Sir,—Please send me your free Guide to Health and Strength, entitled "Nervous Exhaustion and Weakness."

Name .....

Address .....

## HOW TO GET RID OF DANDRUFF.

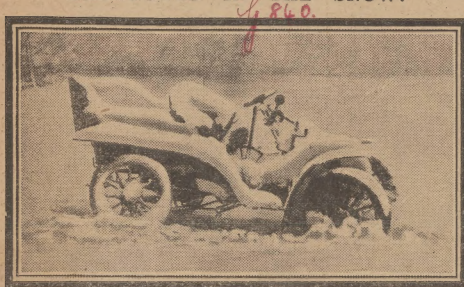
This Home Made Mixture Removes Dandruff and Stops the Hair from Falling Out.

The following simple recipe which can be mixed at home or put up by any chemist, will quickly remove dandruff and stop the hair from falling out.

To a half-pint of water add 1oz. of bay rum, 1 small box of Orifex Compound and 1oz. of glycerine. These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any chemist at very little cost, and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until the mixture is used. A half-pint should be enough to rid the hair of dandruff and kill the dandruff germs. It stops the hair from falling out and relieves itching and scalp disease.

Although it is not a dye, it acts upon the hair roots and will darken streaked, faded, grey hair in 10 or 15 days. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.—(Adv't.)

## ABANDONED IN THE SNOW.



Motor-car which was found covered with snow in a field near Birmingham last week. It was still there on Saturday, the owner not having returned for his property.

## ELECTION JOKE IN HERTS.



Mr. Pemberton Billing, the Air candidate for East Herts, enjoying a joke with two policemen at Ware. Captain Brodie Henderson is the Coalition candidate.



# Daily Mirror

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1916.

## IN THE THICK OF IT.

WHILE the latest, but not necessarily the last, German offensive on the west is in full swing, it is surely useless to go round gathering up the numberless rumours that lie about the ground at such a time. Those not in the thick of the fighting can but "wait and see"—valuable, since, unavoidable plan, for once.

Having said that the result need not or cannot be decisive either way, one has only to add that the rumours about numbers killed, ultimate aims, momentary achievements, are so unreliable as to be not worth a moment's worry till a definite summary is obtainable, which, as we write, it most certainly is not. The mysterious people who saw with their own eyes eighty thousand dead German bodies and then ran away to tell about it, the equally mysterious people who heard with their own ears the Crown Prince say that he meant to blow another 200,000 of cannon fodder into air, will go on seeing and saying—nothing can stop them from their perhaps well-meant efforts—until the Verdun episode is over. Then we shall know. Now we peer obscurely into the blinding dust of the carnage.

Meanwhile, did we by chance need a diversion on this side of the Channel, we have it in the almost as violent whirlwind of the War Office's panic rush for men at the last moment.

After a period of frequent exemption—so we are told, though there's no reliable evidence—there seems now to be a movement, amongst tribunal authorities and recruiting officers, for exempting nobody at all; one reads of the maimed, halt, and blind being snapped up in crocodile fashion, gladly. Some of the reported tribunal cases, in fact, lead one a little to fear lest the military men, in deference to the absurdly overshot parrot cry of "Single men first," may not be interpreting that cry as "The unfit first, if single, the married of any age last, even if fit"! After all, twist it what way you will, argue as you like about moral or financial obligations, public or private responsibilities, hardship or the reverse, you must, from a military point of view come down to this in the end—we need fighting men for the fighting line, not the blind and the halt for the hospitals at home. The standard all through is not "married" or "single," black or white, Wesleyan or Anabaptist, clerk or collier, but *fit* or *unfit*. It will be a lamentable thing if the immense numbers of "crocks" now being bullied into the Army, at the bidding of the "Single men first" shout, should act as a drag on the fit and cost the country money and time.

A compulsory measure ought to be applied solely with a view to the calling up in due order, by the fairest of known methods, such a number of first-class men physically as are needed for the future—with second-class men, also, to set free the others. Beyond that any compulsory enlistment is futile.

It is to be hoped that our rulers, alternately obstinate and weak, will not be induced, by much recent foolish clamour, to lose sight of the essential point—physical fitness for fighting men.

W. M.

## EVERY DAY.

What shall I do to gain eternal life?

Discharge aright.

The simple dues with which each day is rife.

Yes, with thy might.

SCHILLER.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The crosses which we make for ourselves by our anxiety as to the future, are not heaven-sent crosses. . . . The future is not ours: we may never have a future: or, if it comes, it may be wholly different from all we foresaw.—*André Gide.*

## HOW LONDON STRIKES THE COLONIALS.

### MY TALK WITH A RECRUIT FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

By Sir PHILIP BURNE-JONES, Bart.

"I DO feel sorry for Londoners—because they can never see London for the first time," exclaimed a young Pretorian to me yesterday.

He had just arrived from South Africa, a typical son of the Empire, and he had brought all that he had of hope and youth and British manhood as an offering to his Mother in her hour of need. His cheeks were still bronzed with the sunshine of the veldt, and his eyes were extraordinarily clear, as with an inimitable purpose. He had already fought for us in Africa, but there was more to be done, and he had journeyed 7,000 miles to do it.

This was his first visit to England, and he spoke with subdued excitement.

"Yes—I do feel sorry for you Londoners," he repeated, "never to be able to look upon

believe in the reality of it, and he solemnly meant it when he said that it all seemed to him as though he were actually in a dream.

And, speaking of this experience, he used two words which are strangely unfamiliar to the present generation—indeed, one hardly ever hears them at all nowadays—"awe" and "reverence"; it did one's heart good to hear them again. I had truly hoped that these sentiments had not entirely vanished from the earth, and I found that my hopes were justified and that they still lingered in the heart of Young Africa.

### THE EVERYDAY THINGS.

I had no intention, however, of cross-examining my visitor with regard to the emotions which the sight of St. Paul's Cathedral, let us say, might be expected to arouse in his unsophisticated mind. What I wanted to know was, rather, how the everyday aspect of things in general—the trivial details of the streets, for example, compared with those with which he was familiar at home. "I was dreadfully disappointed with Park-lane," he said. "It reminded me of the poorer quarters of a South African town, where they live in semi-detached

## NAUGHTY BOYS.

### DO THEY GROW UP TO BE BETTER MEN?

#### WHEN THEY GROW UP.

VERY many bad children make good men or women. A really naughty boy by no means always turns into a bad man. A. L. E. Putney.

### NEED FOR SCOUTMASTERS.

I READ with interest the letter in your columns from Mr. Pooley regarding the scout movement and the war, and although I quite agree with his suggestion, I doubt if he has considered if they are practicable.

There is, I admit, a great amount of juvenile crime at the present time, but I think it is mostly among the hooligan class, to whom scouting does not appeal, far-reaching as the movement is.

After all, it is hardly to be wondered at. The younger generation have suddenly found themselves, owing to the war, left without fathers, teachers, scoutmasters, and even clergy, and they are left to do as they will, which is by nature in a boy mischief.

As Mr. Pooley rightly says, to counteract this the scout movement must work hard. But this is easy to say.

The scout movement is, like all other organisations, suffering considerably through want of men.

The boys and what officers are remaining are doing wonderful work at the present time, and the nation is realising the value and need of the movement. Effective measures must therefore be taken to maintain this success. To my way of thinking this lies with the headquarters. It is for them to make public appeals to men over military age, the unfit, and the exempted, and keep in reserve all those who state their willingness to carry on this work.

LEONARD SEYMOUR.

### MODERN CHILDREN.

LOVE them, love them all the time! Only teach them manners—they include everything else.

Bad children are made by bad mothers, just as bad servants are made by bad mistresses.

HELEN MATHERS.

### IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 27.—The owner of a warm frame or greenhouse should now be busy sowing many vegetable seeds. Cucumbers and celery should be started at once in shallow pans. To obtain an early crop of Brussels sprouts, a pinch of seed must be sown this week under cover.

Although broad beans are, of course, usually sown out of doors at this season, if some early pods are desired about the end of May let a few boxes be sown this week under cover.

Later on, after being well hardened off, they can be planted out. Also sow tomatoes in a box or pan; when the young plants are large enough to handle, prick them out in other boxes. Given the summer, tomatoes do well out of doors in a sheltered position.

E. F. T.

## WHAT BOBBIE CANNOT UNDERSTAND—



—why the grown-up's training of him is so contradictory, telling him to do a thing one moment, and the next moment telling him not to do it.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

London with fresh eyes, as I have done—to see it as I have seen it. That's what can never happen to you who live here always"—and I knew that he spoke the truth.

Ever since I can remember I have secretly envied the unspeakable privilege, reserved solely for the younger nations of the world, of beholding for the first time, with seeing eyes, some such marvel of antiquity as Westminster Abbey or Notre Dame, or I was going to say, Rheims. To have looked upon a Gothic cathedral for the first time when one was grown up and knew what one was about—above all, when one had never before seen anything more venerable than Fifth Avenue or Sydney Parkour, has always seemed to me the last refinement of aesthetic emotion permissible to humanity. And I could readily understand the attitude of sympathetic commiseration assumed by my young friend towards the inhabitants of the Old World, to whom such a rare and refreshing experience must for ever be denied.

Referring to his first sight of Westminster Abbey he spoke as though he could hardly

cottages. We have a Park-lane in Pretoria, where all the richest people live, but it isn't like yours." I found that the great point of difference, and the one which had created so unfavourable an impression about our London Park-lane, was connected with this question of semi-detachment.

Properly to impress the onlooker with a sense of opulence and splendour, according to South African standards, a certain amount of magnificent isolation is necessary—and the fact that many of the houses in the more expensive quarters of London were not wholly detached or standing in their own grounds was a source of deep disappointment to my Pretorian.

The common bowler hat filled him with astonishment. He had never seen it in general use before. He was greatly struck by the number of men wearing this particular headgear—and as for a tall hat, or "topper," well, that was a real curiosity. I told him that it was getting to be the same here.

He had been immensely impressed by the spectacle of one of our most famous restaurants

at dinner time—and afterwards—"I never saw such a gorgeous scene in my life before—such wonderful dresses—so many pretty women."

Whistling for taxicabs intrigued him a good deal. When he first heard it, he said he thought it was the police in trouble. Until mercifully disillusioned on this score he must have imagined that the entire metropolitan force was in chronic difficulties. Another thing that struck him as extremely odd was, as he expressed it, "seeing white people doing the men's jobs," such as sweeping the streets or cleaning the windows. Perhaps what amazed him most, however, was the traffic of London and the way in which it was managed by the young.

For a short space I looked myself with fresh eyes upon the well-known landmarks and the familiar manners and customs of my native city. For quite ten minutes I was stirred to my depths by the sight of a lack in the traffic of Piccadilly, and, later on, a glimpse which I caught from an omnibus of the Albert Memorial caused emotions which must even have rivalled those of my young friend.



# AFRICAN PAGEANT AT SALONIKA: "FEAR NOT THE ZEPPELIN"



Zeppelin and a notice telling Salonikans to sleep peacefully. "We are watching."



Local colour borrowed from North Africa. A chief carried in the procession.

## SENT TO PRISON.



Mrs. Nellie Best, of the Anti-Conscription League, who was sentenced to six months in the first division at Westminster on Saturday for making statements likely to prejudice recruiting.



A pet pig in the pageant. It did not enjoy the show.

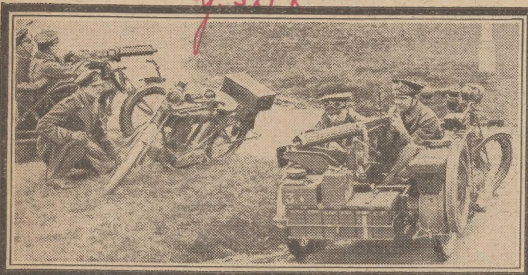
A fête day was celebrated by the Regiment de Marche d'Afrique in the French line. The men come from North Africa. A grand pageant, in which popular topics were burlesqued, was followed by a circus, everything being arranged without outside help.—(Official photographs issued by the Press Bureau.)

## WELSH FLAG



Mrs. Hopkinson, the hon. of the Welsh Flag Day held in London this week benefit of the Welsh troops of the women sellers w national costume.

## THE MOTOR-CYCLE'S USES IN WAR TIME: RIDING THROUGH A DEEP STREAM.



The motor-machine-gun sections have been carrying out their training amid snow and floods. These photographs, taken during the week-end, show men ready to defend the cross-roads against the enemy; riding across a stream, which is here 3ft. deep, and the



cyclists dashing through the water to the attack. It is only a few days ago that Marshal Viscount French inspected one of these sections and decorated two of its for their splendid work at the front.





# TRALIANS WAIT ON WOUNDED FOES.



Turkish prisoners have exactly the same food as our men in hospital. Here some Australians are seen looking after their comfort.—(Official photograph circulated on behalf of the Press Bureau.)

## W PLAY AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.



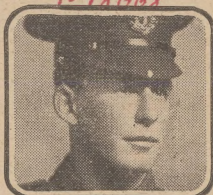
(Miss Annie Saker), who appears in "The Silver Crucifix," is jealous of the fate of her husband's first wife, and tries to mutilate it. The husband, Rene, is Mr. Walter Howard.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

## PHOTOGRAPHER FIRST VISITOR FOR A WEEK.



There is snow the Peak district suffers badly. The photographs show snow piled high against a house, and a girl shovelling snow. No one has visited the district for a week except the camera man.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

## YOUNGEST "C.S.M."



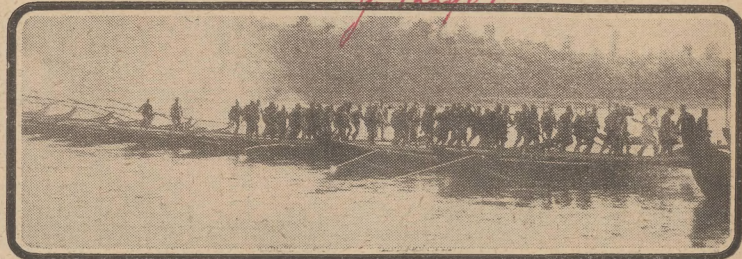
Company Sergeant-Major Remnant (47th Middlesex), who is only twenty-one. He is believed to be the youngest "C.S.M." in the Army.

## DIVE WITH DEAD PILOT



Lieutenant-Observer J. Howey (attached to the Royal Flying Corps), who is now a prisoner in Mainz after a thrilling dive in an aeroplane into the German lines. When 10,000ft. up his companion was killed by a fragment of shell, and the aeroplane immediately dived headlong for 5,000ft. until Howey climbed into the pilot's seat, sat on the dead man's lap, and seized the controls. He thus arrested the machine's death plunge, and brought it safely to earth.

## AN ENTIRE VILLAGE TAKES PART IN A FILM.



Austrians crossing a pontoon bridge during a retreat. They are being pursued by the Italians.



A remarkable film entitled "The Survivor" will be shown to the public from April onwards. Numbers of troops were engaged, and the services of every inhabitant of a village were requisitioned for one of the scenes. Here are seen two men setting out to blow up the pontoon bridge and the explosion which follows.—(Gaumont Film Service.)







# LOVE ME FOR EVER

By META  
SIMMINS



Olive Chayne.

## CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**OLIVE CHAYNE**, a girl of unusual charm and looks, but with plenty of character.

**RICHARD HEATHCOTE**, a straightforward, rather rugged type of man, whose affections are sound.

**RUPERT HEATHCOTE**, his good-looking cousin, who lacks balance.

## SUSPICION.

**RICHARD HEATHCOTE**, as he stood there in the dimly-lighted drawing-room, heard the sound of the closing of the outer door of the house and knew that Olive had gone.

She had fled from the room like a shadow, leaving him too bewildered to follow her or to call her name. She had not seen him; he knew that. She had believed herself to be absolutely alone and unobserved in this silent house. Yet, there had been something beyond mere bewilderment that had held him silent. The knowledge that forced itself on him instinctively, in spite of himself, that she would have resented his presence there—his knowledge of her actions.

He hated himself for that thought, strove to put it away from him, but it was not to be denied. Every movement he had watched had been the furtive movement of a woman who dreaded detection. Why?

Quite baldly, he was compelled to admit this. Had the woman he had watched been anyone but his wife he would unhesitatingly have set her down as a thief. But Olive! And in her father's house. That thought was inconceivable. . . .

He cursed himself now for the impulse that had turned his steps towards the Chayne's house, instead of citywards. It seemed like some impish freak of fate. Olive, if she got to know of his visit, would think, perhaps, that he had gone to spy on her—whereas it was simply the sight of the moon rising young and clear behind the towers of the Abbey that had filled him with a sentimental desire to look at the square where Olive had lived, and thus led him to ring the bell.

It was not the butler who had admitted him but a maid who did not know him by sight. A somewhat dangerous person to have in one's service, he thought, since she had evidently omitted to inform Quilter that a stranger was in the drawing-room.

He felt vaguely disquieted as he went downstairs and let himself out into the square—going, as he had come, unobserved of the butler.

Olive was in her bedroom when he reached the hotel. Her maid told him that her mistress had a headache and did not wish to be disturbed.

That message did not tend to dispel Dick's disquietude. But, with an effort of will, he put the matter out of his mind and went to bed. Yet all through those unrestful dreams of his the incidents of the night ran a new disturbing thread.

Since his illness Heathcote slept late, and when he came out of his room he found that his wife had already gone out. She had left another message for him to the effect that he was not to wait lunch for her as she was not sure when she would be back.

Towards midday Dick strolled down to his club in no amiable frame of mind. At the best of times he was no clubman; since his return from Africa he had hated the place more than ever. He imagined that certain men avoided him, and that did not increase his enjoyment of the establishment. But this morning, in his bitter mood, he went to the club just because he disliked it so much—that Olive might see to what lengths her neglect drove him. . . .

That the children thought behind it all. The big reading-room overlooking the Green Park was empty when he went in. He sat down in a chair by the window and tried to read, but his thoughts strayed themselves betwixt his eyes and the printed page. Try as he would, he could not keep them back from the old happenings of last night.

Why had Olive come secretly to Fifth-street to take jewels out of a locked cabinet? There was a mystery about the affair; that was why he hated it. He detested the thought that Olive should conceal anything, however trivial, from him.

Then, as he sat there, the last man in the world he desired to see came into the room. A page put his head round the door, called his name and announced: "Mr. Chayne."

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

"You are here! That's luck, Dick!" Mr. Chayne said, shaking hands. "I rang you up at the hotel, and Olive's maid told me she believed you had gone to your club. Where's Olive? I wanted to see her very particularly, and she seems to have gone out for some indefinite period."

"Olive, I understand, has come up to London to indulge in an orgy of shopping," Dick said. He felt vaguely uneasy; unconsciously his manner stiffened. Why should Olive's father so urgently desire to see the daughter he neglected so gracefully as a rule?

Mr. Chayne shrugged his shoulders impatiently. He thought of the attempt Olive had made to borrow from him the day before, and felt as indignant as though he had lent the money, and now heard that already it was being squandered.

"Olive has no idea whatever of the value of money," he said. "You should keep a close curb on her, Dick." Then the true grievance burst out: "Women are the very deuce—that's my experience of them. It's one damned trouble after another. Now, my wife—she's got a passion for jewels—a positive passion for them. Always buying, always pestering. Next to a wasp, but a new bee in a clover in her drawing-room, too—of all the fool ideas. And the result—last night while we were out—some thief got in and looted nearly the lot!"

"There was a thief at Fifth-street last night?" Dick said quickly. "Is that what you want to see Olive about?"

"It was the most idiotic thing he could have said, and the moment the words were spoken I was aware of it, but Mr. Chayne answered quite simply.

"Yes, Quilter tells me she called last night. I wondered if she had seen or heard anything. But I had a new bag and we had the bag disappeared—gone off without her baggage. Yet I can't bring myself to connect her with the theft. You see, the cabinet was opened by a key—not forced or anything of the sort—and it isn't possible for this girl to have gained possession of that key, or even to have taken an impression of it. My wife wears it on a gold chain round her neck and it never leaves her side. Besides, the girl was only in our service for two days."

Mr. Chayne knocked the fine, long ash from his cigar with an irritable movement. "I need hardly say, of course, that my wife is firmly convinced that the girl is the thief," he said, with some bitterness. "Not even the detective we called in can dislodge that idea from her mind."

He had never put the matter in the hands of the police, then? Dick asked, feeling, he hardly liked to confess it to himself, more than startled.

Mr. Chayne nodded. He looked at his son-in-law as he might look at a fool on whom it was useless to waste words.

"You are certain there was only one key?" Dick asked.

"Absolutely. The cabinet belonged to Olive's mother; it will go to Olive on my death, by the way—it's a perfect specimen of its kind—and my first wife was always as jealous of its safety as Mrs. Chayne is now. No, if there had been another key one might have understood. But there was not."

Yet, as Richard Heathcote was perfectly aware, Olive had opened the cabinet last night with a key. . . .

He rose abruptly. All at once he felt it imperative to see Olive. He must see her before anyone else saw her—get some explanation from her—for, of course, there was, an explanation. Only . . . why had she acted so foolishly? He very much disliked the trend of the whole affair. The intervention of the police—the suspicion on the servant . . . the girl had looked, and acted, like a fool—but she had not looked like a thief—she was not, and he knew it, a thief. . . . Yet, it was not possible for him to impart his knowledge. . . .

What mad impulse had driven Olive to bring about this ugly situation! "I said," "I want to see Olive. It is possible she might throw some light on the matter. But—and I nearly forgot to say this—I was at Fifth-street last night, too—though I missed Olive."

He had not meant to be disingenuous, yet what was he to do? He must not implicate Olive until he knew. . . . He felt the blood rush to his face. He did not for a moment suspect that she had taken the jewels for any dishonest purpose—only he wished very much that Mr. Chayne had not called in the police. Police take such a chill, prosaic view of things that are innocent enough in themselves. . . .

"You were at Fifth-street?" There was almost a ring of suspicion in Mr. Chayne's voice. "I was not told that."

"No, for the very good reason that your fool of a maid showed me the stairs though I am an utter stranger to her, and, apparently, forgot all about me. At any rate, I let myself out without seeing a soul."

"There's something infernally strange about the whole affair," Mr. Chayne muttered. There was. No one was more painfully aware of that than Dick Heathcote himself.

## OLIVE'S ANSWER.

OLIVE had returned, Dick found when he got back to the hotel. She was lying down in her own room, he was told. But what he had to say did not brook delay. He crossed the landing and tapped at Olive's door.

"I'm sorry, dear—it's Dick. But I want to speak to you for a moment."

There was a moment's hesitation; then he heard the door creak and the door opened. He went in, locking the door again behind him.

She had not been lying down—he saw that. She was still in her outdoor things, and she looked extremely white and tired. Her eyes showed that she had been crying. . . . Olive, who so rarely cried. An impulse to take her in her arms and comfort her as though she were a child rushed over Dick at the sight of her dejection. But as he moved towards her Olive drew back, and he saw a look that was like fear—and worse than fear—repulsion—come into her eyes.

"What is it, Dick?" she asked. "I have such a wretched headache, I have not had the energy to take off my hat today."

"Poor child!" he said, very tenderly. "I hate to bother you; I'll run away in a minute. But sit down just for that minute." He sat on the edge of the bed and she sat down beside him. "I met your father—or, rather, he called for me at the club," he said. "There's no end of a bother at Fifth-street this morning."

Watching her closely, he saw how her pallor deepened; it was as though a grey film had spread over her whiteness. Her hands moved nervously.

"Is there?" she said very slowly. "What?" "Your father tells me that Mrs. Chayne has missed a considerable amount of jewellery. She keeps it in that Venetian cabinet in the drawing-room, he says. Mrs. Chayne is terribly upset and suspects one of the maids."

"One of the maids!" Olive gasped.

"The room seemed to be spinning round her. Dick's face came to her through a mist and his voice sounded very thin and distant as he answered.

"Yes. Your father wanted to see you about it. He thought perhaps that you might be able to tell him something—whether you saw any one."

He felt himself stammer like a fool. Olive's eyes were dark, almost black in their look of terror. Her white lips quivered, yet by a magnificent effort of will she kept her self-control.

"Why should he think that?" she asked.

## STOP NEURALGIA NOW.

Don't let the terrible pain make you miserable. Don't let it rob you of sleep. Don't let it spoil your work and pleasure. Neuralgia pain, the terrible shooting pain that almost drives you mad, need not be endured by anyone. Zox is the cure—the world famous remedy in tiny powder form. Just take one in a cup of tea, rest, and in a few minutes the Neuralgia has gone. Thousands have done this simple thing—thousands have said in grateful praise of Zox. "It's marvellous," and so it is. Large supplies of Zox in 1s. and 2s. 6d. boxes from Chemists, Stores, etc., or post free from The Zox Co., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C. Two powders free if you send stamped addressed envelope—(Advt.)

"How could I know anything about what happened at Fifth-street last night?"

And now the impulse was on Richard Heathcote to cry aloud to his wife to be silent. Just that. Not to utter those words that he saw forming on her lips. It would be worse than death for him to hear Olive lie to him—Olive whom he trusted above all things. Olive in whose honour he believed even in that moment.

"I don't know, dear, why he should," he said. "But Quilter told him you were there last night and waited for a time in the drawing-room. Possibly Mr. Chayne hoped you might have seen or heard something that might give the police a clue."

"The police?"

"Yes. They've got a man at Fifth-street now, I understand."

The white face of the woman beside him was dyed scarlet. With an abrupt movement she stood up and walked down the room.

"I can tell him nothing," she said, "absolutely nothing. I saw no one whilst I was in the house—spoke to no one, except Quilter. Why should my father pester me—why do you come to pester me?"

Her voice ran up an angry crescendo. She turned to him with a passion she strove vainly to subdue.

"Please go away, Dick. I told you I did not wish to be disturbed. Why do you come to trouble me with this absurd story about my stepmother's jewels? Why do you look at me as though you thought that I had stolen them?"

She came a little nearer to him, her mouth quivering nervously.

"Perhaps you do me the honour to believe that I am the thief?" she cried out.

Richard Heathcote did not answer for a moment.

There will be another fine instalment tomorrow.

## 13,000 THROATS CUT.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 28.—A number of Armenian priests who escaped from Mush state that the Turks cut the throats of 13,000 inhabitants of Mush whom they accused of insurrection and espionage in favour of the Russians.

## PERFECT OR FAULTY BEAUTY.

Strangely enough, many women suffer the disadvantage of a dull, faulty complexion when for next to nothing they can be freed from it. They do not realise that the skin gets hungry, and that neglect to supply the proper nourishment results, sooner or later, in unsightly wrinkles and coarseness. This can easily be remedied. For fifteenpence any chemist will supply a jar of Pomeroy Skin Food, a restorative which genuinely feeds and revives the complexion. Its use is simplicity itself. At night-time, after washing with warm water, apply a little with the finger tips and gently massage into the face until the skin has absorbed the quantity applied. The effect is magical.—(Advt.)

## COMPLETE SETS

15/-

## "APPEARANCE."

The keynote of an attractive appearance is, of course, the teeth. No one can look their best with broken, decayed or disfigured teeth. If you yourself desire perfect teeth and a hundred per cent. better appearance, you cannot do yourself a better service than by going to Williams'. Here you have the advantage of the highest skilled dentistry at fees that are a revelation of cheapness.

Teeth Painlessly Extracted ... 1 0  
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BRIDGE AND BAR WORK  
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There is no waiting. Advice is given free. Repairs executed while you wait. To whichever of the Williams' Surgeries is nearest to you, or if unable to call drop a postcard for free booklet "Perfect Teeth," which will be sent post free.

18 & 20  
OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.  
(Next door to Oxford Music Hall.)  
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GRAY'S INN ROAD, KING'S CROSS.

REPAIRS WHILE  
YOU WAIT.  
TEETH FITTED  
IN 4 HOURS.

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TEETH CO., Ltd.

MENTION THIS PAPER.





Mrs. Oswald Stoll.

working of the Coliseum. She frequently presides personally over the box-office, and the management of the Coliseum is fully convinced that Mrs. Stoll is the most indispensable member of the staff. She is a woman of immense personality and charm, possessed of the soundest judgment.

#### To-day's Wedding.

An interesting wedding takes place to-day at the Brompton Oratory, for there Lord de Freyne will marry Miss Victoria Arnott, the youngest twin daughter of Sir John and Lady Arnott. The present baron, in whose family there is a romantic history of the invalidity of a Protestant and Catholic marriage, succeeded his brother last year, when he fell in action, and his father died only three years ago.

#### Weeded Civil Service.

I understand that heads of departments in the Civil Service have received a circular dealing with men of military age. There is to be a very severe process of weeding out during the next few weeks. From the financial point of view Civil Servants in the Army are not suffering, as they get full civilian pay.

#### Lady Forbes-Robertson and Speeches.

I was speaking to Lady Forbes-Robertson lately, and she was telling me how nervous she was of speaking in public. This certainly struck me as curious in so famous an actress, always used to addressing crowds. I was yet more surprised to learn that Lady Forbes-Robertson had only made three speeches in her life!

#### Verbum Zoppi!

"It's snowing and blowing, m'dear," said the husband. "What a lovely night for going to the theatre. Let's go." They went.

#### Russian After-Dinner Oratory.

I heard M. Constantine Nabokoff, of the Russian Embassy, make a speech at the dinner to the Russian journalists. M. Nabokoff speaks perfect English, and is very witty. In welcoming the journalists he smilingly said: "We've arranged even a bit of Russian winter to greet you." The Russians, who know what real snow is, laughed merrily.

#### Kitchener's Right Eye.

I wonder how many people know that the reason why Lord Kitchener for many years past has had to use glasses when reading maps or documents is that his right eye was permanently injured by the explosion of a mine when he was an engineer officer at Chatham.

#### "Tommy" Likes His Books.

One of the authors best liked by "Tommy" is Mr. Phillips Oppenheim. "Funny thing a German writing such ripping English stories," said a sergeant of the Buffs whom I met coming up from Dover recently. He was



Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim.

pleased when I was able to assure him there is nothing German about Mr. Phillips Oppenheim but his name. To look at him he is English all over, and country bred English at that. He is a Leicester man, and his father was before him.

# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

## Tribe Deserved.

What a wonderful tribute that was which the Coliseum directors paid to Mrs. Stoll at their annual meeting. Mrs. Stoll, the mother of Mr. Oswald Stoll, has been the mascot of her son's fortune for many years, and she still takes a most active part in the

## But Who Will Wear it?

"Ware the new straw hat. It sounds like being an abomination." A hatter told me something about it on Saturday. It appears that everything will be smaller about it—except the price. The brim will be narrower, and so will the ribbon. And worst of all, the hat will never look clean, for the straw will not be white as heretofore, but will be a dingy drab shade. These are hard times.

## Tactful Mrs. Wilson.

Washington has been wondering how President Wilson would get out of the difficulty about his annual dinner to foreign diplomats, which he was able to skip last winter because of mourning in the family. But the tactful bride has puzzled a way out of what appeared a White House dilemma.

## Neutral Double-Diners.

Invitations have been issued for two dinners, the diplomatic representatives of the Allied Powers being bidden to the first, while the Ambassadors of the Central Powers were asked to the second. The question of the neutrals remained for settlement. Mrs. Wilson has asked them to both dinners.

## "Jerry" and Monocles.

I spent a pleasant hour watching a rehearsal of "Jerry" during the week-end. "Jerry" will make his, and its bow to the public on Thursday next, March 2—the Military Service Act day, by the way. "Jerry," I observed, suffered from an epidemic of eyeglasses of the monocle variety;



Miss Hilda Antony.

three members of the cast wear one. Among the many charming ladies who will appear in this farce is Miss Hilda Antony, whose clever work I remember well in "Beethoven," "Pinky and the Fairies" and "Orpheus in the Underground."

## The Hun Way.

Says a cynical Philadelphia scribe:—"If Americans could only be assured that Germany will treat armed merchant ships like war vessels they would travel on nothing but passenger boats carrying guns. Germany's treatment of war vessels has been to let them alone while attacking defenceless passenger boats."

## A Sad Record.

Poor little Mrs. Reynolds, whose V.C. husband has just died of gas poisoning at Le Touquet, has a sad record. She was Miss Doris Petersen when the war broke out, the very much made of young daughter of the big Danish shipowner. No sooner was she happily engaged to her V.C. than her brother in the Life Guards was killed; no sooner was her baby boy born and she celebrating the engagement of her young sister to a Guards officer than she received news of her husband's death. And she hasn't yet attained her majority.

## Justifiable Assault.

"Why did you assault this mah?" the magistrate demanded. "Well, he said I had the table manners of a German," the man in the dock answered. "Dismissed," snapped the sympathetic magistrate.

## "Antique" Prices and the War.

I was surprised to hear from a well-known dealer that in spite of the war and the economy that is preached—only preached, alas!—the price of genuine fine "pieces" is still well maintained. As an example, he remarked he had just sold one Chippendale chair for £200! Will Mr. McKenna please note?

## Social Reform.

I met General Sir Julian Byng in Whitehall a day or two ago. He has the most piercing eyes and the bluest of any general in the Army. Also, before he went to Egypt, he was the junior general. He takes a very keen interest in all problems of social reform, and I used to meet him often on a committee to look after boys' welfare some four years ago. He is now applying his knowledge to the problems of the men in the Army.



General Sir Julian Byng.

## The New Income-Tax.

Bankers have been in almost daily conference with Mr. McKenna. The chief topic of discussion just now is the income-tax, which I understand in the case of earned income is to be doubled, with a stiff increase for the unearned. Lombard-street is reckoning on the possibility of a 5s. income-tax.

## Unappreciated Warning.

Little Eric had heard his mother ask "Does it show?" when she powdered her face. That was why, when Eric and his mother passed a woman whose face was ornately powdered, he cried to her: "I say, your face does show!"

## Lady Muir-Mackenzie.

Lady Muir-Mackenzie (whose brother-in-law, Lord Muir-Mackenzie, seconded the Address in the Lords) evidently does not believe that education ends at school. In the course of conversation she informed me that in the morning she had attended a lecture at the Natural History Museum, and was going that evening to a lecture on the subject of "polarisation of light."

## Told by M. Millerand.

The following is vouched for by M. Millerand, former French Minister of War. A French scout came suddenly one day upon a German scout. The German was standing by his dying horse. "Why do you not shoot it?" inquired the Frenchman. "I have no pistol," replied the other. The Frenchman drew his and was about to shoot the horse when he said: "But you would sooner shoot your own horse," and handed the weapon to the German, who gravely bowed, shot his horse and returned the pistol and then gave himself up as prisoner. This is an all too infrequent aspect of the Hun.

## A Good Mixture.

Of all our different corps none is, I hear, more mixed than the R.N.V.R.—the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. It is a fine mixture though, embracing some of the best—merchants, professional men, M.P.s and the peerage are all represented. The Dukes of Westminster and Manchester belong to it, and such M.P.s as Mr. Locker-Lampson and Mr. Wedgwood Benn.

## Blind Shorthand.

At St. Dunstan's it is wonderful to see a blind man teaching another blind man how to write shorthand. The learner, as fast as he took the shorthand down, was transcribing it on a typewriter with his other hand!

## Laughter at St. Dunstan's.

I was astonished to hear constant laughter and joking at St. Dunstan's. No one ever touches a blind man there. They have to find their way, and quickly do so, and if they do not their blunders cause roars of laughter! There are over 100 pupils and sixty teachers.

## Wanted—Discipline.

"The greatest trouble with the new armies," said an officer to me the other day, "is enforcing discipline. Every man who's been to the front knows well how many lives have been saved by it. But with the rapid training we are forced to adopt now it's no end of a job to get the newcomers to see it. It may seem jolly hard to give a chap three days' C.B. for having a single button undone, but it has to be. 'Lax in little things, lax in big,' is the only maxim that fits the case."

## Conscientious Scruple.

"So you've a conscientious objection to enlisting?" demanded the tribunal chief. "Yes," replied Weary Willie. "What is it?" was the stern command. "Well, gu'nor, soldierier's work, and I object to work. Me conscience always opposed it." THE RAMBLER.



## A Beauty Secret.

The true secret of beauty is a healthy complexion. The lines and furrows that make so many women look careworn and old quickly vanish when the skin is restored to a healthy condition. Oatine Cream is the only preparation that gets down into the pores, removing the dirt and grime which soap and water cannot reach, and restores the skin to its fresh natural condition. OATINE is an ideal skin food, prepared from Oats, which revives the natural charm of the complexion, removes roughness and soreness, leaves the skin delightfully soft, does not grow hair, and is invaluable for preserving the skin from all extremes of temperature.

Of all Chemists, 1/1 and 2/3 a jar. Ask for

# Oatine

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For those who prefer a greaseless cream we manufacture OATINE SNOW, a vanishing cream as its name suggests. It is particularly suitable where the skin is naturally inclined to be oily. All chemists stock OATINE SNOW, price 1/-.

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Delightful new Colour Plate by Miss Mabel Lucy Attwell. An unparalleled success. First edition sold out on day of issue. New Edition now ready. A gem of humour.

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DID YOU FORGET IT?—You have the alternative of sending him the OVERSEAS WEEKLY MIRROR either by subscription or ordering the paper from your newsagent, 8d. per copy; 13 weeks post paid 7s. 6d., to the Manager, 23-29, Bouverie-street, London.

## HOME ONCE MORE AFTER MUCH SUFFERING.



Being assisted along the platform by nurses who meet them at the station. After treatment many of them will be able to follow some civil occupation.



Carried to the hospital.



Making him comfortable.

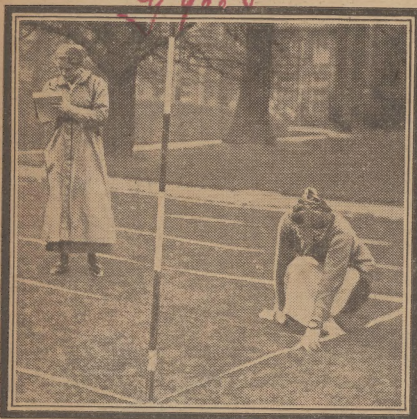
From time to time an exchange of prisoners of war who are too badly wounded to fight again takes place, and these photographs illustrate the return of maimed French heroes to Lyons. They are happy to be home again.—(French War Office photographs.)

## PRETTY SPRING FASHION.



Pannier gown of raven's-wing blue by Reville and Rossiter. The material is striped moire.

## WOMEN LAND SURVEYORS.



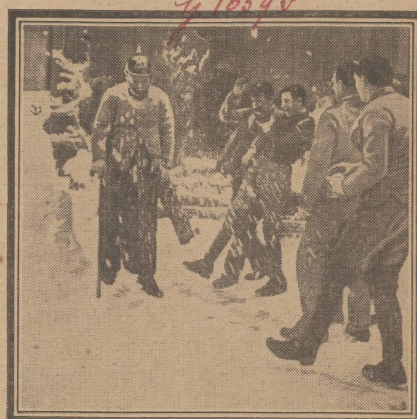
A class has been formed at Bedford College for teaching women land surveying. The war has left many gaps in the ranks of the surveyors.

## PURE WATER FROM THE WELL.



Boring artesian wells to supply the British Army at Salonika with good water.—(Official photograph issued by the Press Bureau.)

## "BOMBING THE KAISER."



This wounded soldier put on a German helmet and then allowed his comrades to pelt him with snowballs. The incident occurred at Buxton.